PZ
8
.3
B484W
FT MEADE
GenColl

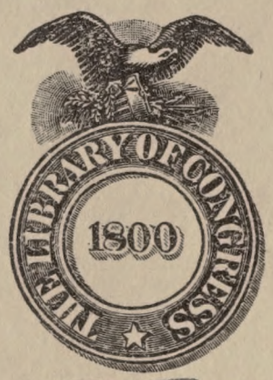
The Wishing Fairies

by

Madge A Bigham

Drawings by

Fanny Y Cory



Class PZ8

Book .3

Copyright No. B484W

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE WISHING FAIRIES

And all were to march to
Tim's house
In a long parade so gay

The Wishing Fairies

BY

MADGE A. BIGHAM

Author of "Mother Goose Village," "Overheard in Fairyland," "Within the Silver Moon," etc.

DRAWINGS IN COLOR BY

FANNY Y. CORY

NEW YORK

Dodd, Mead and Company

1915

PZ 8
.3
.B484
W

COPYRIGHT, 1915
BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

$0.75
OCT -6 1915
©CLA410879
no. 1.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I	The Wishing Fairies	1
II	The January Fairy	4
III	The February Fairy	7
IV	The March Fairy	11
V	The April Fairy	14
VI	The May Fairy	16
VII	The June Fairy	18
VIII	The July Fairy	20
IX	The August Fairy	23
X	The September Fairy	26
XI	The October Fairy	28
XII	The November Fairy	31
XIII	The December Fairy	34

ILLUSTRATIONS

And all were to march to Tim's house
In a long parade so gay . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

So he wished with his cap for a beautiful sled
And a long, steep icy hill 6

This time a baby blew up in the air,
And turning a somersault, blew down again 12

You never saw children so happy before
When up from the ground those umbrellas grew . . . 16

Some were hoeing and some were raking,
And some were spading, you know 20

For as soon as the baby swam to the land
Bess screamed and holloaed and ran and ran 24

He chased those children as hard as he could
And ran them until they were all out of breath . . . 28

They were spooks, my dear, a whole line of them
A-creeping down the stairs 32

THE WISHING FAIRIES

I

THE WISHING FAIRIES

THERE were twelve little fairies in Fairyland,
Who wanted something to do,
So they ran pell-mell to the fairy queen,
And asked her if she knew.
Now the fairy queen was weaving caps
Of brown and blue and red,
But listening to the fairies twelve,
She raised her golden head.

"You make me think," she said with a smile,
"Of the twelve little months in a year,
So I'll finish these caps in a hurry for you
And each may have one to wear.
A name I'll place on the front of the caps
Which name I shall call you elves,—
If you'll dance to the edge of the Mirror Lake
You may read it for yourselves."

So the tiny fairies danced away,
To the brink of Mirror Lake,
And jauntily bobbing each golden head
They read their names in the lake.
January and February and March and April and May—
And all the rest remember,
From the flowery month of beautiful June
Down to the gay December.

Now the fairies twelve, having learned their names,
Danced back to the queen in a row
And she counted them out in the quaint old way
Of ennie, miney, mo.
For the fairy queen was a wise good queen,
And in counting her fairies out,
She was planning to send them away to the earth
To do kind deeds, no doubt.

THE WISHING FAIRIES

"One by one, you shall go," said the queen,
"To the earth world down below
And just in the order of the months of the year,—
As your caps all tell, you know."
Then she did for the fairies a wonderful thing,
Which would please any child like you,—
For she sprinkled their caps with a powder of gold
That would make their wishes come true.

And now I am going to tell to you
The wishes these fairies made,
When one by one they came to the earth
And each his visit paid.
But when fairies make a wish, dear child,
They wish not for themselves,
And I shall leave it to *you* to guess
Which wished the best,—these elves.

II

THE JANUARY FAIRY

THE January fairy came to the earth,
One crisp, cold wintry day
Wearing a snow coat trimmed in ice
And his wishing cap so gay.
He poked about in cities and towns
All through the early morn,
Trying to find some very *good* child
To try his fairy wish on.

Of children here on the earth, you know,
There are scores and scores and scores,
But of children that are always good, my dear,
They are not at all the doors.
But a fairy elf with a wishing cap
That wonderful things will do
Is willing to hunt and hunt and *hunt*
Before he ever gets through.

So at last this January elf
Found a child he thought was good,
Because she was busily working away
Gathering sticks and wood.
Not for *herself*, but for Daddy Blake,
Who was crippled and worn and old
And could not gather sticks himself
To drive away the cold.

And though I am sure she liked to play,
This little girl so dear,
Each day she hurried away from school
To give poor Daddy cheer.
"Oh, a fine little girl! A dear little girl!"
Said the January fairy,
"I'll use my wishing cap right now,
And will no longer tarry."

So he wished with his cap for a beautiful sled
And a long, steep icy hill
With boys and girls and other sleds
A-frolicking on the hill;
And this same little girl in the coat of brown
Is the one in the picture there,—
She is having the gayest of times, you see,
As she coasts in the frosty air.

At the top of the hill, with his merry face,
You will find the fairy elf,
He is watching the sled of the little girl
Who is surely enjoying herself.—
"Oh, a fine little girl! A good little girl;
All the fairies will love her," he said,
"And now I must hasten to Fairyland,
For the children should go to bed."

So he wished with his cap
for a beautiful sled
And a long, steep icy hill

III

THE FEBRUARY FAIRY

THE February fairy was the valentine fairy
And had charge of Cupid's darts,
So he donned his coat strewn over with birds
And stars and silver hearts.
A-down to the earth on wings of love
He floated through Fairyland Gap,
A-wondering what in the world he'd find
To do with *his* wishing cap.

But he needn't have worried, I think, about that,
As many will tell to you,
For the world is full of a number of things;
There's always plenty to do.
So in a wee little house on the edge of the town,
Guess what this valentine fairy *did* find?
Why, a crabbed old woman as cross as two sticks,
Who never *had* gotten a valentine, mind!

There were girls and boys a dozen or more
Who were even afraid to pass her door!
And the valentine fairy with wishing cap
Was not very much surprised at that.
Because the old woman was called a witch
And, the children heard, would stitch and stitch,
Sewing on bags to put children in—
If ever she caught them, fat or thin.

Now the little love fairy didn't like this;
He wanted the witch woman's face to smile,
He wanted the children to love her, you see;
And on this problem he thought quite a while.
"I know," he said, with a nod of his head,
A twist of his body and clothes so fine,
"This old witch woman so crabbed and cross
Needs to be sent a valentine."

And just at that moment, holding something so tight,
A very small boy came whistling along;
What he held in his hand was sealed with a heart—
You can guess what it was, unless I am wrong.
Yes, to be sure! a valentine, child,
And the boy was carrying it to his sweetheart—
A dear little girl with eyes of deep blue,
Who lived on the edge of the village mart.

But the February fairy, with very low bow,
His wishing cap waved as sly as a mouse,
And wished instead, I'll have you to know,
That the little boy take it to the witch woman's house.
And that's what he did, as sure as I live;
He took it right up to the witch woman's door!
And shuddered and shuddered, as scared as could be.
Afraid to look even behind or before.

But shoo! when the witch woman opened her door
She wasn't the least bit scary, my dear,
But she smiled and she smiled, as gay as could be
(Because the love fairy had wished it, you see).
And then when she opened her sweet valentine
She invited the little boy right in her house!
And when he came out, he was smiling *himself*,
For his pockets full of good things from her shelf.

So he told all the children that lived in the town
The witch woman into an *angel* had changed,
And they flocked to her house in a hurry to see,
And found it as true as true as could be.
When the fairy queen heard it, she laughed with delight
At the very queer deed that this fairy had done,
For changing witch women into *angels*, you know,
Isn't the easiest thing under the sun.

IV

THE MARCH FAIRY

Now the little March fairy was airy and light,
And anxious to try his own wishing cap,
So he slid down a silver rope hitched to the clouds,
And stopped in a town not down on the map.
But in looking around he found a small dog
That some one had thrown in the river to drown,
So all in a twinkle he wished for a string
And wiggled and wiggled it up and down.

The little dog saw it and wagging his tail
He swam to the fairy and caught to the string,
The fairy then pulled and pulled with his might,
When out came the dog,— a very wet thing!
" Ho, ho! " laughed the fairy, " a collar I'll wish
And lead you, poor doggie, to dry in the sun."
So the string and the collar together were tied
And doggie and fairy both had a good run.

But alas, as they ran, there was trouble ahead
For the wind it blew and blew and blew,
And though the doggie ran fast and the fairy held tight
Why the wind cut the string right in two.
Up went the little dog, high in the sky,
Higher and higher than the tail of a kite!
But the March fairy touched his small wishing cap,
And wished and wished with all of his might.

Why, dearies, of course you know he wished
That the little dog back to the earth would come,
He even wished for another thing —
A wee little girlie to hold the string.
You can glance at the picture and see for yourself
The girl and the dog and a baby or two.
She held to the string and wouldn't let go,
Though the wind it blew and blew and blew.

This time a baby blew up in the air,
And turning a somersault, blew down again

This time a baby blew up in the air,
And turning a somersault, blew down again,
But they all hurried on as fast as they could
And reached their home in the south of Spain.
The twelve little fairies in Fairyland
Laughed at the wish of the dog and the string,
But the little March fairy cared not a whit,
Because *he* thought he'd done a good thing.

V

THE APRIL FAIRY

THE fairy with April pinned on her cap
Was anxiously waiting to make her own trip;
So she flew to the rainbow and slid down its arch
And jumped to the earth with a hop and a skip.
She skipped on and on till she came to the woods,
Where a bevy of children were out from the town
Gathering violets sweet in the spring,
And each one dressed in his very best gown.

Their mothers had told them to watch for the clouds
For fear that a shower would spoil their new clothes;
But the children forgot, and the rain came down
And sprinkled them over from head to toes.
"My!" cried the fairy, "now what will they do
Not *one* umbrella to cover a head,
And maybe their mothers will not understand
And whip them all soundly and send them to bed."

Then this fairy of April looked on the ground
And sought for the toadstools, dainty and brown,
And wished and wished and wished with her might
That they might be changed into umbrellas light.
You never saw children so happy before
When up from the ground those umbrellas grew;
One baby—the smallest one in the bunch—
Ran in the briars and punched his through.

He cried just a little but soon hushed up
And ran with the others off home again;
Their mothers were happy and kissed them all round
Because none of their clothes were spoiled by the rain.
It was hard to believe that the toadstools though
Had been changed into umbrellas all in a wink;
But the children declared it to be quite the fact
And there was naught else for them to think.

VI

THE MAY FAIRY

THE May fairy harnessed some white butterflies
To a carriage made from a dainty pink shell,
And waving her hand to the fairies behind,
She floated away to a pretty green dell.
"What a beautiful place for a dance," she cried,
"*Here*, I shall wish for a pretty Maypole;—
There are grasses and flowers and shade quite enough
To please all the court of the jolly King Cole."

Up came the Maypole out of the ground,
Decked out in ribbons of red, white and blue,
But where were the children to dance, my dear,
It seemed that the fairy forgot, it is true.
"Ho!" she laughed, with a toss of her head,
"A pole without children never will do!
I guess I will hurry right off to the town,
And gather them up, say a bushel or two."

You never saw children so
happy before
When up from the
ground those um-
brellas grew

So she did as she said and the children came back,
Though where they were found, I'm sure I can't say;
They were dressed in white dresses and sashes and bows
And ribbons and laces and slippers so gay.
Oh, they had a fine time a-dancing, my dear,
And the May fairy *left* that pole in the dell,
Though where you will find it, if that's what you say,
You're asking me more than I can tell.

VII

THE JUNE FAIRY

When the June fairy floated a-down to the earth,
Why, a gardening party she found,
And girls and boys and babies too,
Were busily digging the ground.
Some were hoeing and some were raking,
And some were spading, you know;
And some were searching round for seed
To plant in the ground to grow.

So the June fairy wished for a bagful of seed
To be given to each, you see,
But she also wished that every seed
Should grow to a pussycat tree.
Oh, these pussycat trees were wonderful trees!
I think you'd like one to-day,
For every branch on every tree
Was full of pussycats gray.

THE JUNE FAIRY

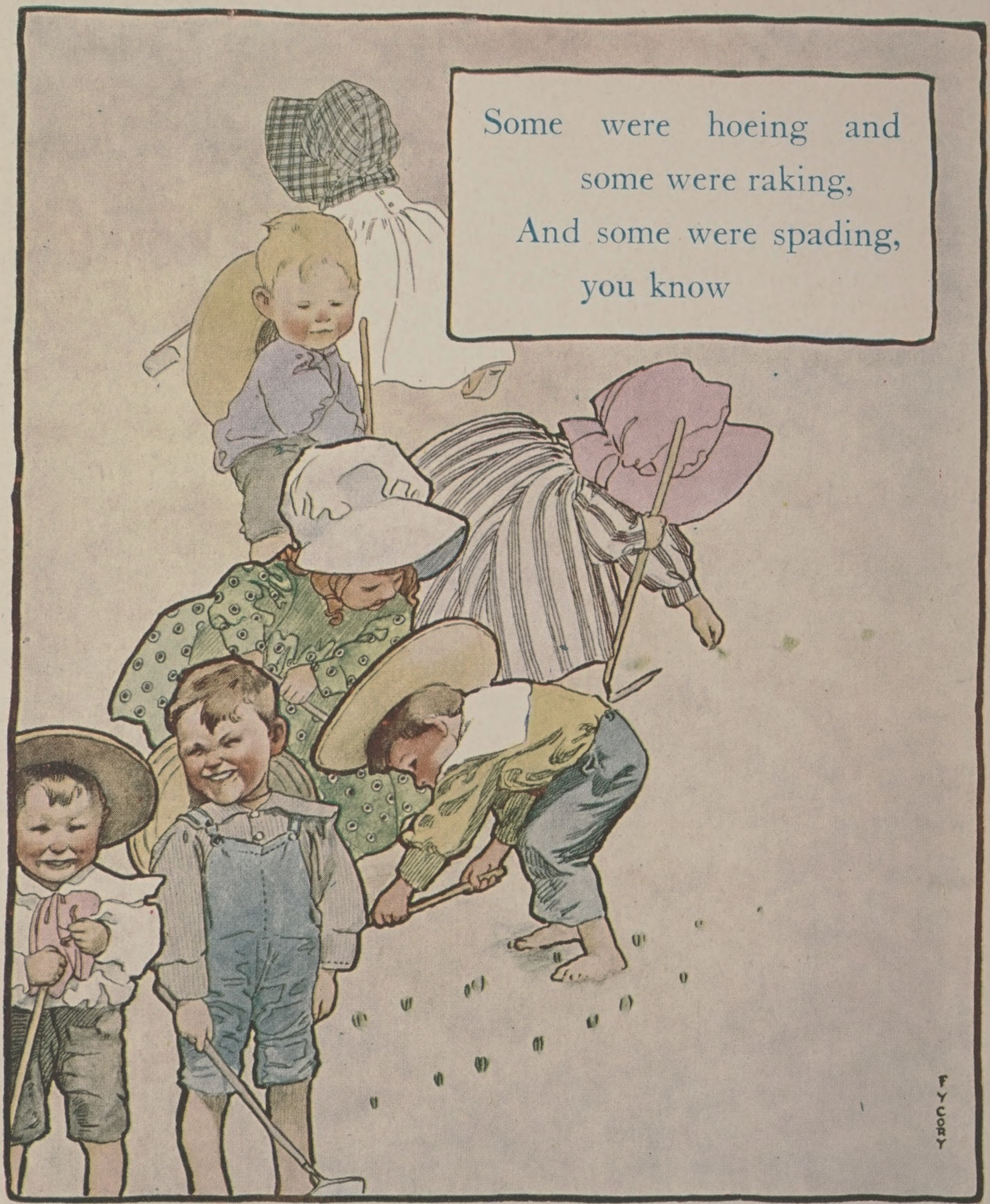
They could mew and mew and mew and mew
And purr like any cat,—
But as to whether the trees are there to-day
You must ask the fairy that.
They tell me the children pulled every one,
Leaving only a *few* tails behind,
And some of those on the willows grow
And some in the bogs, you'll find.

VIII

THE JULY FAIRY

THE July fairy was a merry elf
And never lacked for fun,
He jumped to the earth from a comet's tail
And galloped off in a run.
He came to a town where soldiers marched
With sword and fife and drum,
And guess whom he saw in the parade
A-watching those soldiers come?

Why the *same* little girl with the *same* little dog
That had once blown up in the sky;
And she held him still by the great long string
—You remember as well as I.
But just at that moment the brass band came
And it *frightened* the little dog so,
He jumped and snapped that string in two
Just as it happened before.


Some were hoeing and
some were raking,
And some were spading,
you know
F. Y. CORY

So the dog and the soldiers and the big brass band
Got all mixed up, you see,
And the little girl cried and wrung her hands,
As pitiful as could be.
The little boy with her tried and tried
To catch the little dog's string,
But as the dog ran east while he ran west,
He could do no such a thing.

So the July fairy who had watched it all,
Just thought he'd try *his* hand,
And he wished and wished and wished that the dog
In the little girl's lap would land.
And that's what he did, as sure as you're born,
When the fairy touched his cap,
Right through the air came the dog with a whiz!
And fell in the little girl's lap.

Then the little girl laughed and jumped for joy,
As happy as ever before,
And she got right up and carried him home
And he never ran off any more.
Then the July fairy went home too,
Though he laughed every step of the way,
To think what a funny wish he'd made
On that Fourth of July day.

IX

THE AUGUST FAIRY

This August fairy, if you please,
Was the queerest fairy of all;
He jumped from the clouds to a big air ship
And balanced without a fall.
But a big air ship is a slow machine
For one from a fairy band,
So with one great jump he leaped to the sea
On a beautiful bar of sand.
And there what a merry group he found
Of children, one, two, three,
A-digging wells in the silver sand
Down by the deep, blue sea.
One baby there was on the sand by the sea
With fingers so chubby and fat
He didn't know how to dig any well—
And spoiled the others, at that.

So the children wished he'd leave them alone
And go *'way off* and play by himself!
And they spoke real cross, though no one knew
That some one was watching,—this fairy elf.
But he was, and he led that baby away,
So quietly that nobody knew,
And then he wished a very queer thing,
While on the baby's neck he blew.

So, all in a twinkle, just what do you guess?
That baby was changed into something else!
A water baby, sir, and no mistake
And not even known by his sister Bess.
For as soon as the baby swam to the land
Bess screamed and holloaed and ran and ran.
And so did the others who followed her,—
All of them ran and ran and ran.

For as soon as the baby swam to the land
Bess screamed and hol-
loaed and ran and
ran

But the queer water baby wondered at that
And reached out his dimpled arms to Bess,
And puckered his lips and began to cry
Because the children ran, I guess.
And when they turned and looked once more
Why, the water baby wasn't there!
The wishing fairy had wished again
And changed him back to their baby dear.

And oh, they were *glad* to have him back
And Bess ran up and hugged him tight,
And vowed she'd never scold any more
If he spoiled her wells from morning till night.
They gathered around him every one
And helped him dig his wells by the sea,
Beautiful wells in the silver sand
Till the baby was happy as happy could be.

X

THE SEPTEMBER FAIRY

THE September fairy, I'll have you to know,
Lost no time in getting *his* round;
But rolled himself in a tiny ball
And bounced to the earth with a single bound.
Now I don't know *why*, and I can't tell *how*,
But he bounced himself right up in a tree,
In a great big orchard where other trees
Were as full of apples as trees could be.

And then as he rested there came through the bars
Some girls and boys and babies too,
Some had baskets and some had bags
To gather the apples of every hue.
They gathered them red and yellow and green
And were just going out of the orchard again,
When, what do you think, an ugly old man
Popped up from the grass, where hidden he'd lain.

THE SEPTEMBER FAIRY

He chased those children as hard as he could
And ran them until they were all out of breath;
Indeed, were it not for the fairy there,
He *might* have scared them plumb to death!
But he wished a wish that was queer to be sure,—
He wished that man would change to a *tree*,
And as he was sour and cross, my dear,
Why, he changed right into a *crabapple*-tree!

A crabapple-tree, with gnarled old limbs
Bent like his arms and back had been,
And the apples that grew upon that tree
Would pucker a child's lips, right side in!
That is why we have them to-day—
Taste and see how puckered you'll be;
And never do *you* be cross, my dear,
Lest the fairies change *you* to a crabapple-tree.

XI

THE OCTOBER FAIRY

WHEN the little October fairy came
It was late in the fall of the year,
And she climbed the steps of a double house
Where she saw a sight most queer.
They were spooks, my dear, a whole line of them
A-creeping down the stair,
Wrapped up in sheets and funny masks
And tipping everywhere.

There seemed to be a party there
That the spooks were coming to,
Lights and jack-o'-lanterns and other things were seen,
As any one would have on the night of hallowe'en.
Now as the fairy watched the spooks,
She thought it so much fun,
Why, before *she* knew what she was about,
She wished that *she* was one.

He chased those children
as hard as he could
And ran them until they
were all out of
breath

And all within a twinkle,
Ere you could murmur "scat!"
She changed into a boy—
What *do* you think of that?
Now the spooks were *really* children
Dressed up in sheets, you see,
And when the fairy found that out
She felt as queer,—as queer could be.

But she frolicked with the others
And had the best of times,
And bobbed for apples in a tub
In which were silver dimes.
They laid their masks and sheets aside
Because *this* was such fun,—
And the boy there with water a-trickling from his face
Is the little *fairy* boy, if you wish to know the one.

He was the *very* best of all the bobbers there,
And bobbed so many dimes he gave them all around,
And the children laughed and shouted
Whenever one was found.
But parties do not last forever and a day
And so this party ended, as all tea parties do.
The children all went home and went to bed I guess,
And the little wishing fairy went to his home, too.

XII

THE NOVEMBER FAIRY

The little November fairy
Was fair and full of grace,
And she came to the earth on a snowflake,
With a smile curved round her face.
She chanced to peep in a schoolroom
Where the children were busy with books,
And it must have been close to Thanksgiving,
If she judged by their joyous looks.

I suppose they were studying of turkey
And cranberry sauce and cake,
And pies and apples and tarts and things
That the cook was going to make.
So the teacher gave them a pencil
And rubber and drawing sheet,
And then she told the children
To *draw* their Thanksgiving treat.

Then Sambo drew a turkey,
And Mary drew some wheat,
And Sara drew a pumpkin,
Large and round and neat.
But Tim, the smallest boy,
Drew only a *tiny* ring,
And because his mother was poor and sick
Why, he wasn't to have *one* thing!

Now the sweet November fairy
Was sorry for little Tim,
And she wished and wished in a hurry
Such a beautiful plan for him.
She wished that all of the children
Would form a long parade
And the things they had drawn on paper
Would fade and fade and fade.

They were spooks, my dear,
a whole line of them
A-creeping down the
stair

And in the *place* of their drawings,
Why, the *real* thing was to come,
The sure-enough turkey and cake and pie
That had been drawn by every one.
And all were to march to Tim's house
In a long parade so gay,
And lay the good things at his door,
Then quietly slip away.

So, of course, that's just what happened,
For the fairy's wish came true,
And only a glimpse of the picture
Will prove this fact to you.
You can see the children marching,
Full of joy and mirth,
And the little Thanksgiving fairy
Was glad of his trip to the earth.

XIII

THE DECEMBER FAIRY

And now we come to the December fairy—
The last little fairy of all,
Who came to the earth on Christmas eve
To make his very first call.
He pulled his cute little wishing cap
Right over his golden hair
And galloped around the entire world,
On old Santa Claus' white reindeer.

At last he came to a great stone house
That had rows and rows of beds
And on all the pillows soft and white
Tossed babies' curly heads.
A hospital then it must have been
Because the babies were sick:—
Some had measles and some had fevers
And some had mumps and a crick.

THE DECEMBER FAIRY

The white-capped nurses, with bottles and spoon,
Hurried from bed to bed
And dosed the babies one by one,
Though no word about Santa was said.
And to think that this was Christmas eve
And the next morn Christmas day!
And the babies hadn't a stocking hung
For toys bright and gay.

And so the December fairy,
Got as busy as busy could be,
And while the nurses were fast asleep
Did a wonderful thing, you'll see.
He wished for a bag crammed full of toys
And stockings long and slim,
And then he worked away in a glee
And filled them all to the brim.

Then he tipped about from bed to bed
As quiet as could be,
And hung the stockings at the foot
Right where the babies could see.
Then off he skipped to Fairyland
As fast as he could go,
So when the babies opened their eyes, he wouldn't
Be there, you know.

But when those babies *did* wake up
And saw those toys bright,
It might seem strange, but it made them well—
The wonderful, wonderful sight!
They crawled from the beds right down on the floor,
And played and played and played,
With horns and drums and dolls and carts
And oh! such a noise they made!

The nurses rushed in and the doctors came too,
But the babies were all quite well,
So they rushed them all home in an automobile
And tumbled them out pell-mell.
So this is the end of my story now
Of the twelve little fairies gay,
Who came to the earth with their wishing caps,
And silently stole away.

But the months of the year are left to you
To see what *you* can do,
And though you have no wishing cap
There is a *thinking* cap for you:
And a thinking cap is *almost* as good
As a wishing cap, you'll find,
When you search about in the months of the year
To do what is good and kind.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00025462555